BRAVE PAT GINLEY.

He Is One of This Nation's Unknown Heroes.

The Deed Which Won Him Congress's Bronze Medal.

His Intrepid Conduct on the Battle-Field of Ream's Station.

The hero of the drama is usually the sleekest, handsomest, best dressed and most distinguished man in the cast. He has a deep-toned voice and an awful swagger. He deals in heroic speeches, and frequently announces to the audience that he has done a glorious and valorous deed.

In real life there are heroes, too, but not of the stage variety.

The hero of real life is usually a modest man. He is the last person to recount the tale of his valor, and shrinks when others speak of him.

He does not know that he is a hero, in short, and doesn't believe it when others say he is.

There is a hero, a modest hero, who greets the caller at the office of Col. Erhardt, at the Custom-House.

He is grizzled and growing old. He wears a suit of sheep's gray, and a kindly smile, and those in the office with him call him "Pat."

No one would take Messenger Patrick Ginley for a hero, and he says its all fol-de-rol, himself.

Pat has been Col. Erhardt's messenger only since May, 1889. People will remember him as the platform man at the Fulton street station of the Elevated Railroad for the five years from 1885 to 1889.

A medium-sized man he is, with a bristling iron gray mustache, deep-set Irish blue eyes, seamed face, and a voice that was cheering as he called, "Step lively, there!" to the hurrying, scurrying patrons of the "L."

Before that and since 1868 Patrolman Patrick Ginley had earned a record for attention to duty under Capts. Bennett, Allaire, Ullman, Garland, Cherry and Murphy, and as detailed man at the Woman's Hospital, in Fiftieth street.

He was the first man ever detailed to duty at the office of Inspector, now Supt. Murray, at Police Headquarters, where he was stationed three years.

Everybody who has known Patrolman or Platform-Man or Messenger Pat Ginley all these years will recall that he is a cheery man, with a gift of gab. He can talk like a steam engine, and will tell more good stories in an hour than could be printed in a page of THE EVENING WORLD, and he tells of the bravery and heroism of his fellow-soldiers in "the late unpleasantness" with especial gusto. But ask him to tell of his own deeds and he will curl his lip in a disgusted way, snap his fingers and say, "Pooh! Nonsense!"

The House of Representatives of this Republic, has set the mark of "Hero" on Pat Ginley, though, and the War Department, at the command of Congress, has sent a fine bronze medal to him as a testimonial of the high opinion in which he is held for bravery.

Patrick Ginley is sixty-eight years old. He was born in the west of Ireland, where famine stares the poor people in the face just now.

He came to America, the Land of the Free, thirty-four years ago—"just in time to get into a fight," he says.

The war broke out five years later—the war for the Union—and Pat was one of the lads who came forward and helped to form the great Irish Brigade, and he was with the Brigade in Virginia in the memorable campaign of the Fall of 1864.

The brigade was on the Weldon road when (Sept. 25, 1864) the event happened which tested the steel of Private Pat Ginley.

An EVENING WORLD reporter, fortified with the story of that day as told to him by another Irish private, called on Messenger Ginley recently and sought to obtain from him the story of his own gallantry. With what success the reader may determine.

"Pat Ginley, I am told that you are a hero!" began the reporter, and an aged ex-policeman, lounging on the office couch, applauded with his thin old hands, gleefully.

"A-ah, now! Have done, will you? Sure my wife and my family at 341 East Tenth street are poking at me all the while and calling me an Irish yokel!"

"But the War Department has sent a medal to you for brave work in battle! You did a noble thing at the battle of Ream's Station. Tell me what it was. I want the whole story."

"Now, ye'll get nothing out of me! I was just an Irish private, and that's all."

"Yes, but you did do something not quite regular at Ream's Station. You carried the Stars and Stripes up to the top of the breastworks and"——

"Hold on, there! Hold on! Ye are getting ahead too fast. I was sent back to headquarters by Capt. Ames, with orders to report with a despatch from Col. Walker, chief of Hancock's staff."

There was a pause; Private Ginley looked as if he thought he was talking too much about himself, and he wound up with:

"And that's all there is of it," and closed his mouth with a snap like a steel trap.

"You delivered the despatch and then took the flag"——

"Aw, wait a bit. It was this way: I was ordered to deliver a despatch to Gen. Miles, who was then engaged with the enemy half a mile away, and I delivered the despatch just as Gen. Miles was wounded. I hurried back to report, for I thought Miles was mortally wounded. He had a ball through the left shoulder.

"Well, Col. Walker was ordered to find Miles and learn what troops were in his front, and I went with Col. Walker.

"Now, that's all you can get out of me. Everybody fought well, and that's the whole of it," and the square jaws snapped shut again.

The ancient ex-policeman's old eyes twinkled, Col. Erhardt's clerk smiled gleefully, and a couple of callers tapped the floor with their walking sticks.

"Col. Walker was taken prisoner just as you reached Ream's station, and you"——

"Yes, yes; I wheeled to get back into our lines. My horse was shot from under me. There were several batteries and our men were driven from them. Gen. Meyerhoff was shot. I tried to get shelter, but I couldn't. I was right between the two lines, and at last I crawled under a gun belonging to the Twelfth Battery," said the old man, with the eloquence of recollection. Then he stopped.

"And that's all there was of it."

"That is all, except that you were behind a Union piece on one side of the works and the rebels were swarming up from the other side, and"——

"And I put in a couple of charges of canister in the piece.

"The rebs reached the top of the works just then.

"One of 'em saw me and called me a Yank and ordered me to come across the works.

"But I didn't. And that's all there was of it."

The seamed face of the veteran had grown young again with excitement. The Irish blue eyes flashed fire that any rebel might have taken warning from, and the gray face glowed with the flush of enthusiasm. But the square jaws had snapped shut again.

"You didn't go over the works to the enemy but you——"

"Yes, yes; that's it! I just inserted the lanyard, and gave 'em the contents. In he recoil and smoke I reached our lines."

The audience now numbered a dozen, and a burst of applause startled the veteran and the steel trap closed again.

"You got back to the Union lines safely and then you"——

"Ah, well! I yelled to the Colonel to recapture the battery, and he and the boys did it. Now, what is there in that to make a fuss about?"

"Yes, but, Private Ginley, the color-bearer was shot down and the glorious flag of freedom was trailing in the dust, and"——

"Yes, I did catch it up and kept it out of the dirt; but what of that?"

"And you led the boys with a hurrah, carrying the Stars and Stripes aloft before all and planting the flag firmly on the rebel works."

Pat Ginley hung his head and said in a deprecatory, half apologetic way:

"Well, well; may be that is so."

Then in a subdued way he added:

"They took me before Gen. Hancock that day, and he said I was a hero. They took me to Gen. Grant, too, and he said something kind to me, but I was so scared I didn't hear.

"I wish all this fuss was over, and they'd let me alone."

A ring of a bell called Patrick Ginley away, but the audience applauded just the same.

This is a modern hero in real life. The bronze medal is a substantial token, and the family of the Irish private will show it with pride from generation to generation.

The medal bears this inscription:

"Presented by the War Department according to Act of Congress to Private Patrick Ginley, of the Irish Brigade, for heroic and meritorious conduct on the battlefield of Ream's Station, Sept. 25, 1864."

SLICK HOTEL BEAT.

His Clothes Seized in One House He Gets Square with Another.

The fellow had no baggage when he registered first at the Markham House Saturday, but had a very glib tongue and told such a plausible story that he was permitted to register and given a room, says the Chattanooga *Times*. He was well dressed and a very pleasant spoken fellow, and his bill for extras soon assumed startling proportions.

The hotel people became alarmed, and after he had been there several days a party stopping there told them he was a beat. The clerk fixed up a scheme, and that evening he got into the fellow's room on some pretext after he had retired, and calmly gathering up the fellow's coat, vest and pants told him they could be redeemed at the office for the amount of his bill.

The fellow's nerve did not desert him even in this extremity. He borrowed a mackintosh coat from the clerk which reached to his heels, which he put on over his underclothing, in order to go after some money, and walked to the Kimball House, where he boldly registered and was shown to a room, leaving word that when his baggage arrived it was to be kept until he got up in the morning.

At about 8 o'clock on Sunday morning he came jumping downstairs, making a great noise of a tale of robbery, in which he had lost his clothes and $85 in cash.

The hotel management, without stopping to investigate the fellow, got him a new suit of clothes and paid him $85 rather than have such notoriety attached to the house. The fellow then walked back to the Markham House, paid his bill, obtained his clothes and jumped out of town.

PUFFS OF AN ENGINE.

A Mathematical Crank Gives Some Interesting Figures.

The number of puffs given by a locomotive depends upon the circumference of its driving-wheels and their speed, says an exchange. No matter what the rate of speed may be, for every one round of the driving-wheels a locomotive will give four puffs—two out of each cylinder, the cylinders being double.

The sizes of driving wheels vary, some being 18, 19, 20 and even 22 feet in circumference; though they are generally made in or about 20. The express speed varies from fifty-four to fifty-eight miles an hour.

Taking the average circumference of the driving wheel to be twenty feet, and the speed per hour fifty miles, a locomotive will give, going at express speed, 880 puffs per minute, or 52,800 puffs per hour, the wheels revolving 13,200 times in sixty minutes, giving 1,056 puffs per mile.

Therefore, an express going from London to Liverpool, a distance of 201¾ miles, will throw out 213,048 puffs before arriving at its destination. During the tourist season of 1888 the journey from London to Edinburgh was accomplished in less than eight hours, the distance being 401 miles, giving a speed throughout of fifty miles an hour.

A locomotive of an express train from London to Edinburgh, subject to the above conditions, will give 423,456 puffs.

He's Stopped Now.
[From *Puck*.]

"They say that Upson Downes's tailor has been dressing him for nothing."

"Indeed! For the 'ad,' I suppose?"

"No; because he can't collect a cent."

Except Noah and Company.
[From *Life*.]

"He can trace his ancestry back to the flood."

"Oh, pshaw. That's nothing. Everybody was in the swim then."

HOW HE WON HIS BRIDE.

A Newspaper Man Helps a Friend to Get the Girl He Loved.

By His Advice She Contracted a Severe Case of Despondency.

"For helping a fellow in distress," said a rich young New Yorker to a Chicago *Post* reporter while dining at the Richelieu last evening, "commend me to a newspaper reporter. Let the meshes in which you may find yourself be never so tangled, he can, if he will, and he will if he think you deserving of his assistance, extricate you with a dexterous ease. You know my visit here was to secure the consent of the parents of my sweetheart to our marriage. They looked upon our engagement with approval, but Claire is young and a couple of years should be added to her age, they think, before we marry.

"Now, to my mind," the young man contined, as he stabbed a Blue Point, transferred it to his mouth and pushed his plate aside, "procrastination is not only the thief of time, but of happiness as well. I tried by letter-writing to bring her parents to my way of thinking. But I failed, and so I came on to personally plead my cause, but with no better result. They were obdurate, and, though my sweetheart and I supplicated them in duets, it was of no avail. You may imagine my despair. I was at the bottom, and was about to give up and return home when I ran against an old friend of mine, a member of the local staff of one of the daily papers. He noticed that I was down in the mouth, and though by evasive replies I endeavored to hide the truth from him, he managed by a little skilful questioning to obtain the whole secret.

"'You really must have the girl?' he then asked me.

"I replied in the affirmative.

"'And you want to marry her now?'

"I nodded.

"'Consider,' he said, warningly,' you will bid adieu to the liberty you now enjoy when at the altar you secure the minister's blessing.'

"I told him I was perfectly willing to bid adieu to it. He looked at me a moment and said:

"'You shall have her parents' consent in less than a fortnight.'

"Before I could ask him what he meant he slipped his arm through mine, and as we walked along said:

"'Listen, and I will to you a plan unfold that shall gain for you your lady-love.'

"You may rest assured I listened.

"'See the young lady,' he said, 'and tell her to obey your instructions strictly. Is she blessed with a good appetite?'

"I said she was.

"'Good,' said he. 'And has she a rosy complexion?'

"I nodded.

"'Good again!" he exclaimed. 'Tell her to-morrow that you intend to leave in the evening for New York, and that immediately you are gone you want her to contract a severe case of despondency.

"'Tell her to refrain from eating anything at meal times—let her eat in her room unbeknown to her parents, with the aid of her maid. Her parents will think nothing of it at first, but they will soon begin to worry, particularly as her appetite has been good. To their inquiries she must reply that nothing is the matter.

"'Bid her remain in-doors and to take no exercise and the bloom in her cheeks will disappear. Tell her to talk only when necessary. In a week she will, in the eyes and imaginations of her parents, betray a certain evidence of going into an early grave. The doctor will, of course, be called and he will prescribe. But that won't help her.

"'To all her parents' inquiries as to the cause of her decline she will simply shake her head sadly and reply that nothing is the matter. Her chum—I suppose she has one—will be questioned. She will, having been coached by your sweetheart, tell the reason. The parents will have suspected it all the time; but this revealing of their daughter's heartache by her trusted chum will convince them that the only cure will be their consent to the marriage.

"'They will debate a little,' my newspaper friend concluded as he shook my hand at parting, 'but only a little, and then you will receive a telegram from them to come.'

"That was two weeks ago," the young man continued. "The plan seemed to contain a promise, and I did as he told me."

"And with what success?" asked his companion.

The young man flicked a crumb from the cloth. His lips parted in a smile.

"We shall be married this month."

TRICKS OF JUGGLERS.

The Easiest Feats, They Say, Win the Most Applause.

Cinquevalli, the French juggler, says that it is hard to tell which is his most difficult trick, says the San Francisco *Examiner*:

"As a usual thing," he goes on, "the easiest trick is the most showy and gets the most applause, while some very difficult feat 'will not get a hand,' as we say.

"For instance, the trick of throwing a potato in the air, dividing it with one stroke of the knife and then catching the two halves, one on the fork and one on the knife, is perhaps the most difficult, and took me nearly two years to learn. It is so quickly done, however, and is apparently so easy, that an audience cannot appreciate it before it is over.

"Let me purposely drop the potato and catch it on the knife blade just as it is only an inch from the floor and they burst into applause. It is so unexpected.

"Two others of my most difficult tricks, one balancing a cigar on top of another on my forehead and tossing it from there so that it turns over once and falls point first into a cigar-holder in my mouth; the other, twirling a hoop in my right hand with a glass of water balanced inside its rim, and passing two balls through it with my left hand, have been watched with stolid indifference by an audience that went wild over juggling two plates in the air, one of the simplest of tricks."

FROM WORDS TO BLOWS.

A Newspaper Article Provokes a Street Fight and a Belligerent Card.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., April 13.—The *Advertiser* printed yesterday in parallel columns its editorial indorsement of Col. Warren S. Reese two years ago, when he retired from the office of Mayor, and its reasons for opposing him now that he is again a candidate for the office.

W. S. Reese, jr., son of Col. Reese, met Frank P. Glass, of the *Advertiser*, in the street this morning and a street fight ensued.

About the time the fight ended Major W. W. Screws, editor-in-chief of the *Advertiser*, came up and publicly announced to the great crowd which had gathered that he was the author of the article in question and assumed all responsibility for it.

As a result, a card appeared in the *Evening Journal* from Col. Reese denouncing the author of the article as an infamous and malicious liar. Friends of both parties are much exercised over the affair and serious trouble is expected.

SHE IS A FIGHTING EDITOR.

Miss Dortch Knows How to Reply to a Rival's Insinuations.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

ATLANTA, Ga., April 13.—Miss Ellen Dortch, a graduate of Mount St. Mary's Academy, Maryland, is publishing a weekly newspaper in Franklin County, Ga., where she has the county printing. That she is able to take care of herself is developed in yesterday's issue of her sheet. Landon McConnell has lately started an opposition newspaper. Miss Dortch thus handles him:

"The *Tribune* has heretofore endeavored to preserve pleasant relations with the person (we use the term 'person' advisedly) whose name heads this column. Now Mr. McConnell has made the awarding of the public printing a pretext for serving up an article the most offensive and repugnant that a man with white skin who claims to have a heart of the same color can offer to a woman who is independent, young and strong. That he seized upon a few hasty and inconsiderate words of the Grand Jury, and thereupon colored and built his tale, is no excuse for the insult offered. The man who offends without intending to do so is not culpable, but the man who dishes up that offense and offers it to the public through the columns of a newspaper, and then crawls behind the innocent offender and says, 'He did it, not I,' holds himself up to the public gaze as a most contemptible coward. In branding Mr. McConnell a contemptible coward I have no intention of doing him an injustice. I think the sequel will prove that my assertion is correct. McConnell wishes to crawl behind the Grand Jury as a cloak in order to escape all censure, and hold us up to the public as receiving support because of our sex, environments, &c., and pose himself as a martyr to justice and to chivalry towards women. Therefore I have dubbed him a coward.

"No one understands more clearly than Mr. Landon J. McConnell that we print a better paper than any man has ever printed in Carnesville, and that our circulation entitles us to vastly more of the public patronage than we are at present receiving. Knowing all this, only a coward would urge through the columns of a newspaper our sex as an excuse for patronage that honest, conscientious hard work entitles us to. That he did it behind the cloak of the Grand Jury is evidence of his double cowardice. Oh, no; we have received nothing because of our sex, and Mr. McConnell knows it. He knows, furthermore, that the man who would come to the *Tribune* office and offer such support would get a sound cowhiding. Now, Mr. McConnell must rise up and designate the men who had sinister motives in supporting the *Tribune*. He must state what those sinister motives were, what axes they had to grind. Hints and threats and suspicions will not answer here. He will make an open and full statement, or he will hold himself up to the public eye not only as a contemptible but as a falsifying coward. It may be pleasant to Mr. McConnell's sympathetic and chivalrous nature to know that I have at this moment at my disposal a lucrative position in my chosen field of labor in a Northern city, and in a Western city, and also in a Georgia city. It may be interesting to Mr. McConnell to know that I propose to stay in Carnesville and witness his efforts to kill the *Tribune*."

"ACCORDS WITH COMMON SENSE."

Another High Scientific Authority Upon the Proposed Reservoir Air Garden.

[*From Engineering.*]

The proposed roof garden on the reservoir at Forty-second street in New York City has provoked a sharp newspaper controversy as respects its practicability from a sanitary point of view, in which experts of the Board of Health and sundry physicians who have sided with them are getting rather the worst of it. These experts took the ground that covering the reservoir would produce an unsanitary condition in the water, and predicted no end of evil if the project should be carried out.

The New York WORLD took up the argument in favor of the project, and in opposition to the opinions of the gentlemen referred to, proceeded to show from testimony of English engineers that in London the law imperatively requires that all public reservoirs shall be covered. It cites the testimony of continental authorities to show that this is also the invariable rule in France and Germany. In commenting upon this the Brooklyn *Eagle* naively remarks that "the sanitary reason advanced by the European authorities to justify the covering of all the reservoirs seems to the lay mind almost as convincing and conclusive as those urged by the New York Board of Health against the covering of the Forty-second street reservoir." Mr. W. B. Bryan, Chief Engineer of the East London Water Works, is reported in THE WORLD as saying that "In large and populous cities it is not safe to let the water stand in open reservoirs and then draw it directly into the service mains. In London covered reservoirs are doubly necessary, as our water is very hard, even after careful filtration. If exposed to the air it soon begins to vegetate. Too much care cannot be taken with the public drinking water. Covered reservoirs are certainly a great protection against contamination."

This view is not only corroborated by other eminent hydraulic engineers, but accords with common sense.

Peter Jackson Not Badly Injured.
[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

SAN FRANCISCO, April 13.—Peter Jackson's injuries are not so serious as first reported. He will resume training in a few days. It is probable that the date of his meeting with Corbett will be changed to a week later. Abe Willis, the Australian featherweight, will box with Billy Hawkins, of this city, next week. If he shows himself clever the California Club will hang up a purse for him to fight Dixon.

Telegraphic Ticks.

CARLISLE, Pa., April 13.—Measles, in a malignant form, has broken out at the Indian training school here.

PEABODY, Mass., April 13.—Thomas Carroll, morocco manufacturer, has made an assignment. Liabilities, $30,000.

BOSTON, April 13.—The painters' strike for $3 a day of eight hours was inaugurated to-day, and it is said that over 800 men are out.

RAPID CITY, S. Dak., April 13.—Four prisoners in the Pennington County Jail dug through the heavy brick wall and escaped last night.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., April 13.—Chester W. Youex, who was extradited from Germany on a charge of forgery, was arraigned to-day and pleaded guilty.

LYNN, Mass., April 13.—Henry A. Plimpton, the alleged embezzling ex-clerk of the Lynn Board of Health, was held to day in $5,000 for the Superior Court.

BOSTON, April 13.—The Board of Aldermen this evening confirmed the appointment of Thomas W. Davis to be City Surveyor and Brown S. Flanders as Inspector of Wires.

LINCOLN, Neb., April 13.—The Burlington strike has been practically ended by Grand Master Newman, of the Trainmen's Brotherhood, ordering all the brakemen to return to work.

LYNN, Mass., April 13.—The police are hunting for A. F. Preston, who lives here and handles shoe machinery at No. 105 Summer street, Boston, and who has been missing since March 31.

BOSTON, April 13.—The Committee on Public Health, with three members dissenting, to-day reported in the Senate a bill prohibiting the use of arsenic in manufacturing wall-paper, fabrics, &c.

NEWBURG, April 13.—"Happy" Hammond, who compelled Jennie Beaton to tramp as a man with him, will go to the penitentiary for six months. Jennie will return to her home at Wappinger's Falls.

ST. LOUIS, April 13.—The Rev. Father Sherman, son of the late Gen. Sherman, has been placed in charge temporarily of St. Michael's Parish in this city in place of Father Eustace, who is seriously ill.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., April 13.—A crazy negro woman last night set fire to the Crenshaw County Poorhouse, which burned to the ground. An old, bed-ridden man named William Johnson was consumed with it.

VANPORT, Pa., April 13.—The west-bound passenger train from Pittsburg to Cleveland went over an embankment near here this afternoon. None of the passengers was hurt. Fireman Brown, however, was probably fatally injured.

BOSTON, April 13.—Preston Kimball, of the Boston Water Power Company, admits that 20,000 shares of the stock were illegally issued. The Company will pocket the loss, placed at $75,000. The issue is attributed to William Brown, the former treasurer, now sick and weak-minded.

HARRISON ON THE RAIL.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE COMFORT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY.

The Finest Railway Cars and the Most Elaborate Furnishings—Ben Hur in One Car and a Wine Chest in the Next—Promises of Hospitality in Southern Cities for the President.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—The President and Mrs. Harrison, with the party who will accompany them on their trip to the far West left here at midnight on the special train especially prepared for their use. Owing to the lateness of the hour only a few persons besides the railroad employees were at the station to witness the departure of the train. Among those who wished the Presidential party a pleasant and safe trip were: Private Secretary Halford, Miss Wanamaker, Lieut. and Mrs. Parker and Secretary Proctor. As the train drew out of the station the President stood on the rear platform of the last car and removing his hat, bowed a good-bye to those waiting to see him off. The first stopping place will be Lynchburg, Va., which will be reached early in the morning.

The Presidential special train which will carry the White House party across the continent and return is an object of much admiration. It represents the highest skill and ingenuity of the best car manufacturers in the world, and in its appearance and appointments combines in the highest degree elegance, good taste and luxurious comfort.

All the illumination on the train, even to the exterior lamps, will be electric. In addition to the electric lights there is an ample supply of oil lamps, to be used should the current give out.

Electric fans throughout the train assure the party of relief should the heat be oppressive on the great plains of the Southwest.

General Passenger Agent Hardwick, of the Georgia Pacific division of the Richmond and Danville system, in speaking last night of the President's coming trip through the South and the preparations which are being made for his reception, said: "The whole South will show him what hospitality means. When the train reaches the Alabama line," he said, "Gov. Jones will welcome the President to the State. All the towns between Atlanta, Ga., and Birmingham, Ala., will have on a holiday dress. At Anniston, which is one of the prettiest of the new cities of the South, the display will be particularly elaborate.

"The schedule of the trip proposes a five-hours' stay in Birmingham, and a committee of fifty has been appointed to take charge of the demonstration in the President's honor. There is to be a review of the military by the President, who will be shown the city under the most favorable auspices. The decorations will be profuse. All the other Southern cities fully appreciate the honor of the President's visit and there will be similar demonstrations at each stopping place of the train."

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., April 13.—Final arrangements have been made for the reception and entertainment of President Harrison on his arrival here next Thursday afternoon. The Governor of Alabama will be present and take part in the ceremonies, and there will be a fine display.

President Harrison will travel in Oriental luxury. The special train that will convey the Presidential party is the finest that can be put on wheels by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. It is made up of five cars and is labeled "The President's Special," in great letters of gold on the forward panels of the combination baggage and smoking car "Aztlan."

The "Aztlan" is devoted to carrying the baggage and non-perishable supplies of the party and is divided into several compartments. The division given up to the smoking-room is upholstered in olive plush, furnished with easy chairs and sofas and provided with a library and two writing desks.

The library would seem to be chosen with special reference to the distinguished passenger. The Hoosier writer, Gen. Lew Wallace, contributes his two famous books, "A Fair God" and "Ben Hur," while Carnegie is represented by his book of travel. Electric fans are fitted at each end of the smoking compartment. There is a little barbershop in this car and a special barber will make the whole trip, in order that the President and the gentlemen of his party may be shaved every morning. A snug little bath-room adjoins the barbershop and an auxiliary tank under the smoker will carry 150 gallons of water to keep the party clean.

A very elegant dining-car has been fitted specially for the trip, with tables of antique oak and green plush curtains. The table service is the handsomest to be obtained. Two cooks, a steward and several waiters will look out for the comfort of the party in the dining-car. A wine-chest of goodly proportions has been stocked with all sorts of wines and liquors, though it is not stated that any special attention has been paid to the taste of President Harrison or Postmaster General Wanamaker in this regard.

The President's own car, "New Zealand," is very tastefully fitted in blue plush, and the double drawing-room, in which the President and Mrs. Harrison will sleep, is decorated in white and gold and is as dainty as a bridal chamber. The other members of the party will sleep in the "Ideal," which is divided up into six extra size drawing-rooms, all handsomely furnished and decorated.

The car in which the party will spend much time is the combined library and observation car, called the "Vacuna." The forward end is fitted with an observation compartment having sixteen chairs arranged alongside of the great plate-glass windows. On the book shelves Gen. Lew Wallace has another copy of "Ben Hur," while Andrew Carnegie is represented by "An American Four-in-Hand in Europe." A copy of Balzac's droll stories and Uncle Remus's tales are also to be found.

One end of the car is open to the air, over a platform 7 by 9 feet, rubber floored and finished with brass rails. It is here that the President will probably stand when he makes his speeches, and even should it rain he will not have to expose himself to the elements. The Presidential party will consist of the President and Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Dimmick, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harrison, Postmaster-General Wanamaker, Marshal Ransdell, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Boyd, Mr. E. F. Tibbett, the President's stenographer, and one representative of each of the press associations. Owing to the illness of Mr. Halford's wife the Private Secretary will not be able to accompany the party.

To Train Deaf Children to Talk.
[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

PHILADELPHIA, April 13.—An appeal has been issued by Frank K. Hipple, 1340 Chestnut street, for contributions to an endowment fund for a home in the Middle States for the training in speech of deaf children before they are of school age, similar to the one which has been in successful operation two years in Boston.

His Third Tour Around the World.
[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

BALTIMORE, Md., April 13.—Bishop Alpheus W. Wilson, of the Southern Methodist Church, reached home Saturday from his third tour around the world. He visited the missions in China, Japan, India, Greece and Spain, and presided over the conference which was held in Shanghai.

PERSONAL AND PERTINENT.

As a pulpit distemper heresy seems to be taking the place of the grip.

What a pity A. Ward is not here to write the story of his posthumous marriage.

An Indiana farmer has beaten a banker out of $5,000. Usually it is the other way.

Did Premier Rudini ever hear of the poor man who persisted in a search for grief until he found it?

"I guess the Administration is all right," says Senator Sherman, and the people respond, "Guess again!"

Anyhow the newspapers did not make a monkey of the King of Italy until he showed a disposition to make one of himself.

Annie Besant admits a tendency to champion the unpopular cause, and this should give Mr. McKinley hope that the little lady will say a few kind words for his bill.

If Italy will base its grievance on the fact that an afternoon newspaper in New York prints the good old name of Rome as "Roma" it can at once make an ally of the United States.

President Balmaceda is enough to make the blush of shame crimson a cat's cheek. Nine times a week he is regularly killed, but on the next Monday morning turns up alive at the old stand.

The city authorities in permitting the Union Square flower market to be kept open only until 7 o'clock in the morning are discriminating too much in favor of the night-blooming cereus.

The *Opinione*, of Rome, says: "If Mr. Blaine is unable to make a categorical reply to Italy's simple and straightforward request we can wait." It is the general opinione here that you will have to.

James Whitcomb Riley indites a poem beginning: "He called her in from me and shut the door." One need not read further to find that the poet was left out in the cold; but why confess it thus publicly?

Rev. Samuel A. Mutchmore, of Philadelphia, in his sermon on Sunday, took strong sides with Italy, whereupon several persons got up and left the church. It does not take much to be too much of Mutchmore.

The New York Hargouses, being sensible people, are not at all disturbed over the revelations that a grand-uncle was a Georgia harness-maker. To their minds it simply confirms the statement that "there's nothing like leather."

There is only one way for our theatrical people to convert the Minnesota Legislature, and that is by a ballet of ancient coryphees—and some pretty old ones can be found in the back rows—dancing in bloomers to the air of "Old Hundred" before it.

Philadelphia confesses that not one of the wealthy families of that city employs a professional cook. The highest-priced cooks in the town receive but from $40 to $60 a month and are expected to assist with the housework. This is a most shocking and humiliating revelation.

The able statesmen who are now having so much to say about our defenseless coasts cannot by this means escape their share of responsibility for leaving our coasts defenseless while they were fattening the pension agents and voting $100,000 public buildings for 10-cent towns.

The modesty that goes with greatness is painfully absent in the preparations for the President's trip, but much else could have been forgiven had "The Presidential Train" in gold lettering been omitted from the palatial Pullmans. Still, as this is the circus season, perhaps it is well to set forth just the kind of train it is.

The pay of the official watchman of the village of Springstille, in Hessen, has not increased in a century. One hundred years ago this valued official received one cent a day for his services, and "Old Heinrich," the present watchman, aged seventy years, receives the same compensation. Truly the pay is not princely, and the American office-holder will wonder how Heinrich manages to live on it after paying the usual assessments to the party.

Baron Fava's statement prior to sailing that he will return to Washington as Minister from Italy suggests the possibility that he and his friends at Rome are laboring under the strange delusion that foreign Ministers in this country are at liberty to go and come as the caprice moves them. Americans can afford to smile at the petulant spirit which recalled the Italian Minister from this country, but it should not be thought startling if they conclude that being away in a pet he may as well stay away, even after he has recovered from it. Already they are getting a trifle particular at the Barge Office.

ELLIOTT MISSED BUT ONE BIRD.

Budd, of Des Moines, Outshot by the Kansas City Expert.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 13.—Champion Jim Elliott was shooting for the Championship Cup to-day against Charles W. Budd, the crack shot of Des Moines, Ia., and the way he knocked over the pigeons filled the hearts of his admirers with joy. Just one bird of the fifty did he miss and that fell dead out of bounds. Despite the gloomy weather a large crowd was present. Budd was slightly the favorite in the betting. The match was fifty birds, thirty yards rise and eighty yards boundary. Elliott used his old Greener, and Budd a Smith gun. Elliott had a little the worst of it in the birds but they were to his liking—fast flyers. Elliott's only miss was the twenty-fourth, a right quarterer. The score was:

Budd—2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 0 2. Total, 46.

Elliott—2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2. Total, 49.

AN UNFORTUNATE DETECTIVE.

Thomas Furlong Loses His Man and Nearly Loses His Life.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

POUGHKEEPSIE, April 13.—Detective Thomas Furlong, of the Hudson River Railroad force, under Chief Humphrey, was on the 1.05 train from this city this afternoon. He placed under arrest a man who was creating a disturbance on the train. At New Hamburg he attempted to take his prisoner off the train, when the latter broke away and ran around the front of the locomotive of a freight train coming north, with Furlong after him. The prisoner ran across the up-track and the detective in trying to cross the track was knocked down by the bumper of the locomotive of the freight train. He struck on his head and slid along on the ground outside of the track.

His left ear was cut off and he received several bad flesh wounds on his face and was for a time unconscious. He was brought to this city on the way freight. Dr. J. P. Wilson dressed his injuries and he was taken to Vassar Hospital. He will probably recover.

A Treasure.
[*From the Epoch.*]

"How is your Mr. McWatty?" asked one boarding-house keeper of another, speaking of a boarder who had been ailing.

"Oh, he's quite lost his appetite," replied Mrs. Small.

"Dear me, how fortunate you always are with your young men!"

WAS IT A BASE REVENGE?

A MOTHER AND TWO YOUNG DAUGHTERS SENT TO PRISON.

The Governor of Georgia Interposes a Suspension of Sentence Until He Can Investigate and the People of Atlanta Manifest a Lively Interest in What Seems to Be a Case of Persecution.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

ATLANTA, Ga., April 13.—There are three persons in the city prison whose story has moved the whole populace and in whose behalf Gov. Northen has directed a suspension of sentence.

Sheriff Jones, of Union County, brought to the police station-house, at 11 o'clock Saturday night, Mrs. Eliza Goff and her daughters Lizzie and Cinda, aged eighteen and fifteen years respectively. Mrs. Goff and her daughters had been convicted of keeping a disorderly house. The mother was sentenced to one year in prison and the girls to six months each.

Lizzie, the elder of the girls, is rather large and comely. She takes her trouble philosophically and stoutly protests her innocence. Cinda is of delicate frame and, in the cell where all three are confined, she passed most of the night in crying.

The mother and daughters are country people of not more than average intelligence, but they talked and behaved in such an orderly, respectable manner as to gain the sympathy of the jail officers. While they stand convicted by the law, the girls assert earnestly that they are innocent, and the story the mother tells, if true, shows that they have been outrageously treated.

"We live at Brasstown near Blairsville," the mother said. "My mother and my little son, besides my daughters, make up our family. My mother gets a pension and I helped make the living by farming. I ploughed, hoed and grubbed, and everything like that, and Lizzie, she worked out most of the time. I hired out, too, some. My husband left me with the family on my hands. I admit that I did not do just righ always, but so far as I know my children have been raised honestly.

"One day two young men came to my house. They had passed by there many times and sometimes would stop at the gate a little while. This day when they came they had been drinking. They insulted Lizzie and Cinda. My mother and I interfered and tried to make them leave. They struck me a hard blow on the side, from which I have not recovered. Lizzie and my mother were hurt too. After they did this they got afraid we would report them, and so they went right straight and had us arrested for keeping a disorderly house. And this was all because I interfered for my children. These two men swore against us, and we were found guilty. They were the only witnesses, and the very day they swore both left the county because the Grand Jury had a true bill against them for what they did at my house. That is all there is about it. We never did anything like what they swore against us."

Sheriff Jones, who brought Mrs. Goff and her daughters here, corroborates the story about the two men striking the women, afterwards giving the testimony which convicted them and then hastily leaving the county to escape indictment. Sheriff Jones also says that Mrs. Goff and the girls did not have the benefit of counsel. They were too ignorant themselves to introduce any testimony and were easily convicted on the evidence of the two men.

In talking further Mrs. Goff said: "We did not know that there was any charge against us when we went to the court-house. We thought we were going there to testify against these two men, but they just took us up and tried us before we knew what was the matter. They found us guilty and would not even give us time to get a change of clothes before sending us down here."

Gov. Nothen went to the prison where the mother and her daughters are, talked with them, then held a consultation with Police Capt. Couch, and before leaving the jail wrote a suspension of the sentence of imprisonment until he can investigate the case.

Charitable people have been crowding the station-house all day anxious to pay the alternative fines imposed on misdemeanor prisoners. This brought out the fact that the Union County Judge had sentenced the women without alternative—they could not be "paid out." Appeals are coming in to the Governor from all sides to pardon the women.

"I am not easy to deceive," said Capt. Couch, "and I want to say that it is a shame if the people of this city allow these girls to be sent to the Penitentiary. As to Union County, whence they come, words do not express my disgust for any place that will send a fifteen-year-old child to the Penitentiary. This, too, when that child does not show any evidences of degradation. If either of these girls has sinned she has done so through ignorance. These girls should be saved. If allowed to go to the Penitentiary and associate with hardened criminals they will come out themselves hardened and beyond reclaim."

KENTON LYNCHERS SCORED.

Judge Johnson Pronounces Their Act a Cowardly, Malicious Murder.

KENTON, O., April 13.—Judge Johnson gave his charge to the Grand Jury to-day regarding the lynching of William Bailes, the murderer of Policeman Ed Harper, on April 9. In his charge, after recounting the facts regarding the tragedy, the Judge held that there was no excuse, no palliation, no extenuation.

"It was a deed of violence and blood, an act of wilful, deliberate, malicious murder. It was an act of cowards. It was an act of slander upon each member of the Grand Jury, in that it says that they would have violated their oaths and on evidence presented would have refused to indict."

He closed with pointing out the duty of the Jury to indict all as to whom the testimony is sufficient to show their guilt, without fear, favor or affection.

The charge is the subject of wide-spread comment, both for and against.

A LABOR RIOT IN OHIO.

New Men at the Bell Pottery, at Findlay, Attacked by Strikers.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

FINDLAY, April 13.—About 6 o'clock this morning the strikers at the Bell Pottery attacked the new men who had been hired to take their places, and a general riot ensued. A number were injured with stones and sticks. Police went out and arrested a number of the strikers and things have quieted down, but trouble is expected again to-morrow.

PERISHED IN THE FLAMES.

Awful Death of the Little Daughter of Major Paul, of Sorel, Quebec.

MONTREAL, April 13.—The residence of Major Edward Paul at Sorel was burned last night and his youngest daughter, six years old, perished in the flames. His wife and two other children were so badly burned that they may die.

OMAHA, April 13.—Capt. Carter, a fireman, who was so badly hurt in the Paxton Hotel fire last night, died to-day, and another fireman named Mulvihill is not expected to live. A singular fatality lies in the fact that thirteen years ago four members of the same hose company were killed almost in the same spot when the Grand Central Hotel was burned.

Discrimination Against American Labor.
[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

ERIE, Pa., April 13.—Laboring men here have two grievances—the employment of a large number of Italians in sewer and pavement work, to the exclusion of American workmen, and the action of vessel-owners who are bringing in Canadian engineers and firemen to take the places of the Americans who refuse to accept reduced wages. The Italians are working for $1.25 a day. The feeling is very bitter.

One of the Morewood rioters, who has a bullet-hole in his head, is at work here.

A EUROPEAN TOUR FOR QUAY.

He Will Seek Balm for His Hurt Mind Along the Banks of the Rhine.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, April 13.—Senator Quay is meditating a European trip. He will decide the matter within the next few weeks, and, should he go, he will remain abroad several months. He has no intention of studying art in Italy or parliamentary law in England, but has in view only a pleasure trip. One of his daughters is studying music in Germany and his desire is to join her with one of her sisters and inspect the Rhine country.

Mr. Quay's health is represented as being much improved. His recent visit to Florida was very beneficial to him, and his physician thinks that a sea voyage now and a total change of scene will do all that is necessary to put the Senator in sound condition again. But those who know Mr. Quay say that his spirits have not kept pace with his health. He is, if anything, just a little bit more sour than ever. The Senator, it seems, made a bad miscalculation as to the effect his statement would have on the country as delivered from his place in the Senate.

In preparing it he took counsel, of course, only of his friends, and they encouraged him to believe that he would put all of his accusers to shame and bring every Republican in the land back to the most implicit faith in him. The day he read his statement he was full of this confidence, but the next day he was rudely undeceived. Not only did his statement not prove convincing, but it subjected him to renewed attacks, and fastened upon him even more firmly than before THE WORLD's appalling array of charges. He now sees that there is no relief for him. He dare not appeal to the courts, and he has nothing further to offer in reply to his accusers.

Mr. Quay, there is good reason to believe, will hold on to the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee as long as he can and do what he can, while in that place, to shape matters for next year. He has some strong friends on the Committee, and they will probably do what they can for him. His object, as is also that of Mr. Clarkson, is to so pledge the party nominee for President next time that men like Attorney-General Miller and Secretaries Tracy and Noble, without party service to recommend them, shall not, in this distribution of the good places, take precedence of renowned and influential party workers. His hope primarily is to beat President Harrison's renomination, but failing in that, his next highest aim will be to make the machine so powerful that it will be able to dictate terms in advance as to everything. He leans, of course, for the full accomplishment of this end upon his lieutenants, Messrs. Clarkson and Dudley.

At the Dime Museum Dining Table.
[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

The Boneless Man—Wot did yer eat up all dat fish for, an' leave me nothin' but the bones?

The Living Skeleton—Oh, dat's all right, Wiggles—I left yer just what yer hanatomy's most in want of.